

STUNNING FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS IN HOMEMAKING FOR EVERY WIFE

HER SECOND GIGGLEHOOD

By ELLEN ADAIR



The Woman Who Aspires to Be Juvenile

There is no more lamentable and deplorable spectacle than that of the middle-aged woman masquerading as Sweet and Twenty. Her playful gambols and sportive ways are really disconcerting to her friends. It is so difficult to know just what attitude to take towards her. For she is very sensitive on the subject of her age, and one must be particularly careful not to offend her by any misplaced remark or untimely observation which might serve to date her as not being quite the youthful creature she aspires to be.

The different "lines" which the aspirant toward extreme youthfulness adopts are very hard to understand. For instance, I have in mind one woman of my acquaintance whose long suit, as it were, is a perpetual giggle. Why the elderly and unmarried woman of uncertain years should feel it incumbent upon herself to go through life slithering in a mystery! But so it is in this particular case. As an acquaintance put it very tersely, she is indeed "in her Second Gigglehood."

And it deceives nobody. For there is a lack of spontaneity in that too-ready sound of mirth. It has an artificial ring to it that will throw cold water on the brightest joke, the most amusing sally. Small wonder, then, that the lady of the Second Gigglehood is scarcely popular! She only cares about running around with the younger set, and the younger set are not overanxious to include her in their program.

For she is no addition to the company, unless in one respect—and that is in her servility. For the woman who aspires to be extremely youthful is generally ready to pay for associating with youth in either of two ways. Firstly, if she is a woman of means, she will entertain young people lavishly and spend any amount of money to buy their companionship and be classed as a pal and a "good fellow" among them. Or, secondly, if her means do not permit of this, she will be slavishly servile and take upon herself all the odd and unpleasant jobs that no one else is yearning to handle.

In either case the spectacle is pathetic. The woman in her Second Gigglehood is more to be pitied than censured. True, her ready laughter may sound as the proverbial crackling of thorns under a pot. But it is lonely and hollow laughter and deceives nobody, not even herself.

The woman who aspires to take 20 years off her age is nearly always a gusher, too. For giggling and gushing go together. "How dear and quaint of you to do such-and-such!" she will exclaim, perpetually. The phrase is an annoying one. But the woman of my acquaintance who is in her Second Gigglehood is never without it. Everything is "dear and quaint"—from the loaman who brings his load in the morning, to the latest thing in sermons or religious instruction.

If the conversation turns to events of

even 10 years ago, this youthful lady's memory at once fails her. "Oh, don't ask me!" she will murmur cooly. "I was the merest child at the time! Ask somebody older."

If reference is made to some contemporary, the same lady will murmur: "How well I remember meeting Mrs. So-and-so for the first time! I was the tiniest little tot in the kindergarten then, and she seemed such a great big fine person to me! Isn't she sweet? So dear and quaint!"

Yes, the lady in her Second Gigglehood is decidedly fatiguing. The type has grown stronger in recent years, for it has the strong backing of paint and powder and transformations and various "aids" that to a certain extent can hide age. But only to a certain extent, be it understood. For neither middle age nor old age nor youth can ever be really hidden. Truth will out, as the old saying goes.

If women would only realize that every period of life is beautiful, and that to be natural is the greatest beauty of all, there would be fewer strivings after these youthful effects that only render the would-be juvenile ridiculous.

The period of youth is beautiful. But it has many disadvantages, many awkward corners, many "gaucheries" that only middle age will remove. And middle age can be made just as beautiful as youth. Then why shun middle age? For in middle age, not only should physical beauty be at its height, but the mind should be at its brightest and best. The woman who is alert and interested in the things that matter will be at her prime in middle age.

A foolish woman who is striving after youthful effects should resolve to be her own true self. Let her come forth from her Second Gigglehood and, resolving to abandon the ludicrous pursuit of the artificial, become a delightful and interesting member of society and at the same time her own natural and honest self.

A Valentine Party

No day could be more appropriate to announce an engagement than Saint Valentine's Day. This is the occasion for much festivity anyhow, and the girl who wants to let her friends know of her good fortune, couldn't choose a better time. If you are at all inclined to be superstitious, you may also be impressed by the old belief that happiness is supposed to follow the couple who make their announcement on the feast of good Saint Valentine.

The Valentine party need not be such an elaborate affair, and the little hostess who wants to economize can do so beautifully. In the first place, your lunch can be very simple, consisting either of plain ice cream and cake, or sandwiches, salad and coffee. A good idea is to go to one of the stores and buy a heart-shaped cake cutter, and by cutting your bread in very thin slices you can stamp it with this very easily. Lettuce sandwiches may be used; they are delicious when you shred the leaves and season well with salt, pepper and mayonnaise. Remember to add the mayonnaise last, in fact, just before you put the sandwiches on the table, as it will make a very soggy sandwich if it stands.

St. Valentine, the Paper God

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Author "The New Housekeeping." Just how the little love saint happened to squeeze himself into our prosaic calendar and make a red letter day for his very own is not explained. But here he is, occupying the 14th of February and scattering a sheaves of arrows and distributing hearts by parcel post to our work-a-day world.

"The rose is red, the violet is blue," and Valentine is a time both for grown-ups and little folk to be romantic; and our benevolent manufacturers, ever on the alert to increase the sum of human happiness, have thoughtfully put on the market hearts in any desired weight and size—but all of paper!

Indeed St. Valentine is the paper god, and there is no lack of paper novelties to help us celebrate in his honor. A trip through stationery departments or paper specialty shops offers an enticing array of Valentine novelties. Are we going to give forth, a luncheon, or tea or other libation in Cupid's honor? We can take our pick of tantalizing tablecloths, or snowy crepe paper, ornamented with "hearts incarnadine." Napkins come to match, graced with true-love knots, golden arrows and other emblems amorous. The cost is not worth mentioning—55 common cents for so much love.

Plates, dishes and cups, too, of fine cardboard in special "sets" are found gaily decorated. Are you lonely? Are you pining for some heart? Even hearts now come as packaged goods, and you can buy them any size by the dozens for 10, 15, or even 5 cents, according to your preferred size. If you need invitations, card scores, favors or tags these, too, come in cardiac form. There are crepe paper rolls also, which unwind a gay panorama of Cupids, baskets, hearts, flowers and other Watteau scenes, which can be used as wall, table or other hangings and coverings for the festive day. Fifteen cents a roll—who said romance is dear?

Did you ever receive a Valentine, of lace paper like a frame, which you could pull out and which revealed in its back-ground the forget-me-not motto "I love you"? Even if it was only a "stare love," didn't it bring you pleasure? Thanks be to St. Valentine, that in the midst of this suffering year, he comes to scatter arrows of joy and harmless pleasures, even for a day. None of us are too busy, too old, or too conventional, to worship the paper god. Let the children have even the simplest party, how much it means to them. Perhaps the housewife can make it indeed a paper day, treat the family to a paper-cooked dinner, served in paper dishes with a dish-washing-less finale. Purchase a few love tokens for the tired business man. And don't forget the tired business woman, the tired aunt, or the tired cook! Nobody is immune from a little love, remembrance and attention. St. Valentine gives us all the chance. His fees are slight, and remember, he passes his collection box but once a year!

The Valentine

Oh! little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your Valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old winter is king today;
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine!

What shall I do for a Valentine?
I've searched the garden all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true;
But buds are asleep, and blossoms are dead,
And the snow bends down on my poor little head.

So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your Valentine!
LAURA ELIZABETH RICHARDS.

JOHN EREIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAUDE MORRIS

Author of "John Eredon, Solicitor"

CHAPTER XXXV (Continued).

"I WAS from there I started. It was no use to look for William Merlet or the girl that might have been a boy. One cannot find people at the bottom of the sea. So there was the other man to look for—the man with the false beard. After much labor I traced the party back to Paris, which they had left that night I met them in the train, and I found out where they had stayed—a resort of thieves and people of that sort. And it was there I found out that they had come to Paris from Berck. It cost me money to find out that, I can tell you nearly all I had. And so I went to Berck. The footman entered with the wine and left the room. Lopes drank half a tumbler and lit his cigar.

"At Berck I stayed for a month, and I got news of a little yacht that might be the one that was wrecked off the coast of Spain, and I found out that a man like your Ricardo Merlet had visited the place from time to time for many years. I represented this in a summary of facts, and that he was married and had a son.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Lord Wimberley. "I don't think any one has known that. A man like that is a real mystery. And those other two—William and Herbert Merlet—upon my word, this is a startling piece of news."

"And there is news yet more startling, my lord. It represents that a man called and have gone very slowly, and the path has led me into great expenses."

"Oh, don't worry about the expense," said Lord Wimberley. "Are you sure of your facts?"

"Quite sure," he replied, and taking an envelope from his pocket he drew out a faded photograph and handed it to Lord Wimberley. "It represents that in a summary of facts, a man, a woman, and a boy of about ten on the sands."

"I got that," said Lopes, "from the condescendence of the apartments where they lived. It cost me 10 francs."

Lord Wimberley studied the photograph carefully. Then he picked up a magnifying glass from a table and examined the picture through the lens.

"It is certainly very like Dick Merlet," he said, "and the boy is not unlike my poor little nephew when he was that age."

"Of course. There is the same blood in their veins. Well, that is Ricardo Merlet and his wife and son. The woman is dead—she died four years ago and is buried at Berck. I have seen her tombstone."

"Well, he is, of course, dead too, my lord. That is without doubt."

Lord Wimberley passed his hand across his forehead. "He beats me entirely," he said. "It seems as if they had all gone mad."

"Not so, my lord. There was what do you call it—method in that madness. It was obvious that all the three brothers were in this game, if one can call it such. Ricardo Merlet brought your nephew to Berck in the yacht, and handed him over to the other two. Then Ricardo Merlet took his own son on the boat."

"By Jove!" said Lord Wimberley, rising from his chair in his excitement. "I believe you may be right."

"I know that I am right, my lord. The boy in the train was certainly not a boy. Voltaire, or else why should they drug him? And it was only natural that the son should go with his father."

Lord Wimberley paced up and down the room. "I see now," he said quickly. "Of course. Dick Merlet was the very one of the secret. He knew that the police of Europe were trying to find him,

and that it was not known that his two brothers were in the plot. He hoped to lead the pursuers off the scent."

"But there is one left," he said. "There is Herbert Merlet—we know now that he is guilty. Mr. Murray, who is still in the library—has come here with evidence that proves his guilt. And now you—with your story—we will get him—sooner or later. Look here, I'd like Murray to come in and meet you and hear your story. Three heads are better than two."

Lord Wimberley left the room and returned with the detective. Murray bowed coldly. He was not at all pleased to find that another person was in the field with information of the greatest importance. Lord Wimberley smiled as he saw the two men regarding each other with dislike and distrust.

"Now, I want you two to be good friends," he said. "We've all got to pull together if we are going to bring this scoundrel to justice. Murray, I have promised Lord Lopes 10,000 pounds if Herbert Merlet is found. I promise you the same. You've both worked hard and deserve the money."

The words acted like magic. Storm gave place to sunshine. Murray held out his hand and the Spaniard grasped it. Then they seated themselves over the fire, and Lopes related his story, starting at the point where he had first met the three passengers in the train from Paris to Marseilles.

The detective asked questions from time to time, and when the narrative was finished he leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at some bones on the mantelpiece.

"Well," said Lord Wimberley, after a pause. "What's the next thing to be done?"

"I will go over myself to Berck," he replied, "and make inquiries. Lord Lopes has done well—wonderfully well; but he was hampered by not being able to take the French police into his confidence. I will go over there, and at the same time see if I can get any news of the subsequent movements of Herbert Merlet."

"Lord Wimberley ordered his motorcar, and when it was at the door he took the detective aside into the library.

"I'd like to make one point clear," he said. "I have promised you 10,000 pounds. You would not be entitled to more than half."

"That is true, my lord. You are very generous."

"No, I am not. The other 5,000 pounds is for a great service I wish you to do me."

"What is that, my lord?"

"This blackmailing of my sister-in-law by Vertigan. That must not come out. You must use your influence to keep that a secret."

"Oh, I can manage that, my lord."

"I hope so. Well, good-night."

The detective seated himself in the motor and drove off through the darkness.

"It's all as plain as daylight," he said to himself. He thought that John Eredon had been forced into the plot by Vertigan, who had some hold over him. Well, Vertigan was dead, and he had died in France, and there the matter could very well end—so far as Detective Inspector Murray was concerned.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Lady Joan Merlet sat by the window of

the drawing room at Hartree and stared out at the driving rain. An open book lay on her knees, but it had been open at the same place for nearly an hour. Her thoughts were far away in London, now with her mother, now with Jim Travers, the two people she loved best in the world. Her outlook on life was as gloomy as the view from the window. It seemed as though the sun would never shine through the clouds again. By a cruel decree of fate her heart was torn asunder by those she loved. Whether she married Jim Travers without her mother's consent, or whether she did not marry him, there could only be unhappiness for her in the future.

Then there was the quarrel between her mother and John Eredon. She was long-remembered to bring those two together, but could see no way of doing it. When the servants had told her of her mother's visit on the previous day, she had rushed to her father's study to hear the good news. But at the first sight of her father's face hope had died again. She knew that there had been no reconciliation. Whatever had happened to divide them, the sting of it still remained. It could have been no mere quarrel. It was something more serious—something that had bitten deep into their two lives.

She was wondering whatever could have been the cause of separation between two people who were so fond of each other, when the door opened and John Eredon, still in his cap and gown, entered the room. He placed his cap on the top of the piano and came toward Joan with a letter in his hand. His cheeks were flushed, and there was an unusual sparkle in his eyes.

"Good news," he said with a laugh. "Can you guess what it is?"

The girl shook her head, and then, springing to her feet, came towards him.

"You—you don't mean," she stammered, "that mother is coming back here—for good?"

"No, my dear child," Eredon answered with a smile. "Your mother has to go back to the south of France. She only came over here on business, and is going back to Nice tomorrow. But this letter is from her. Now can't you guess the good news?"

"No," she faltered, and all the light died out of her eyes.

"Why, you little goose, your mother has written to say that she will give her consent to—"

She flung her arms round him, stifling the words on his lips.

"Oh, you dear, you dear!" she cried. "You leave the rest to me, and then, springing to her feet, came towards him."

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A Lace Frock for the South

I have just arrived at Palm Beach and am having a perfectly lovely time. It is a most beautiful place, and I am sure my two weeks' visit will pass only too quickly. My friend Elinor met me at the station and we motored straight to the hotel, which faces the sea and is quite crowded with visitors at present.

I was introduced to Elinor's grand-aunt, a dear old lady, and she told me she was feeling ever so much better and she hoped I'd enjoy my visit immensely. I'm quite sure I shall.

The first thing I wanted to do was bathe! The sea looked perfectly gorgeous in the afternoon sunlight, and the beach is just fascinating. But it seemed that an afternoon daisant at the hotel was about to take place, and Elinor had arranged that we should attend.

It was a most interesting affair and quite different from anything of the sort I have ever seen. A wooden floor, specially designed for dancing, was fixed outside in a sort of courtyard beneath the waving palm trees. The Viennese orchestra was almost hidden behind a bank of flowers, and the air was soft and cool.

Elinor introduced several men to me, and I noticed they were all in white flannels. Lots of the girls wore white serge skirts and sweaters of various brilliant colors. The whole scene was most tropical and brilliant.

The frock I wore was of white lace over peach-bloom satin. The design is exclusive, and the embroidery is really beautiful.

The short-waisted bodice is fastened all the way up with mother-of-pearl buttons, and the high collar is particularly smart with its turnover effect.

The skirt is rather full and gathered into a yoke, which boasts of five circular rows of lace trimming. The same trimming adorns the hem of the gown, the latter, of course, being very uneven in the new style.

Hand-embroidered lace gowns are seen everywhere here. Of course, they are rather expensive—unless one has the energy to do the embroidering oneself. Many a winter evening I spent over embroidering this one, but the result quite justifies the trouble taken.

They return to lace gowns is a distinct reversion to old styles. For quite a long period they went entirely out. But they are so very becoming to every one that one, indeed, welcomes their return.

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PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger, prizes of \$1 and \$5 are offered. All suggestions should be addressed to Miss A. J. Morris, 1316 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. M. S. Kuser, 1316 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Before discarding an old ice chest, which had outworn its use, my husband removed the zinc and covered the kitchen table, first placing molding around the edges, so as to prevent the water from falling on the floor. This is equal in every way to the quite expensive zinc tables found in the department stores. The remaining zinc he nailed to a wooden frame, which makes an elegant tray under the zinc above, the zinc being especially easy to clean.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. S. Kuser, 1316 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

The clothespin, as an apple core, recalled another good use for it, though in this instance it is the "spring" clothespin, which is: To keep the morning newspapers from blowing away, when left on the front porch or at the doorstep, get the clothespin and snap it into a spring clothespin which you have fastened to the end of a twine tied to the railing.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to A. J. Morris, 1316 Walnut Street, for the following suggestion:

Finding that I needed a box couch for a guest and having no other space for it than the living room, I evolved the scheme of making it more attractive and comfortable. From a nearby lumber mill I ordered the following: Five 3x12 inch boards, 30 inches long; four 2x12 inch boards, 30 inches long; two 1x12 inch boards, 30 inches long; one 1x12 inch board, 30 inches long; of the 3x12 inch boards, three are attached to the middle of the back about eight inches apart, and the middle of each end of the couch. The four 2x12 inch boards are connected to the posts and form posts for the corners, and the 1x12 inch boards are connected to the posts and form the top of the couch. All are attached to the couch by three-inch screws, near the part that rests on the floor.

From a mattress place I ordered felt padding; one piece two yards long 18 inches deep, and two pieces 30 by 18, at a cost of \$4. I upholstered them to match the couch. Then I stained the wood of the heavy couch with a dark stain, and the furniture, with the result that the living room still has a certain air of formality, which a box couch, to my idea, destroys, and for a little labor and \$4 we have an attractive comfortable sofa, and the space to store things that a box couch affords.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. J. B. 1316 Walnut Street, Camden, N. J., for the following suggestion:

One of the best uses for an old phone book is: Place it on the end of the ironing board, as a pad, to clean the iron; as the leaves soil or burn, tear them off and so on, until they are entirely used.

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